

The Forgotten Walker

by Inscribed With Evil Love

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Summary: No one ever remembers Koleyne, and that's how she likes it. The first ever Lord of the Rings and How to Train Your Dragon crossover. Join Koleyne on her journey with the fellowship of the ring.

1. Chapter 1

****A/N:** This is my first story, I would like to take credit for writing the first ever Lord of the Rings/ How to Train Your Dragon crossover that's directly related to Lord of the Rings. You might recognize me as Domitia Ivory's beta who is also her best friend. Some details might be a bit scarce, but I promise that they will all be explained eventually. I don't own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon.******

Prologue

They only ever told of nine companions of the ring, because one is always forgotten. I'm Koleyne the Valiant.

I'm the fair, the far-traveled, and the keen-eyed. I'm the Queen of eleven hearts and I'm the leader of my pack. Few people ever remember me; I am Koleyne, the forgotten walker.

Chapter 1: Can I Fly?

"Humans speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

The explosion shook the air around me. "Another day, another monster kept from destroying Rivendell," at this point in my life, I didn't care too much.

'I don't think that's how it goes,' the reply came from Jet, as he

flew in beside me. I was flying on Nyx, Jet's mate. 'Well if everyone said it the right way,' 'then we might as well all be Night Furies.'

My dragon sister Siamese, I could tell because her two heads had switched speaking. "If I couldn't fly with dragons, I'd wish to be a dragon, I want to fly." 'That could be arranged,' Caldre, my Monstrous Nightmare brother, spoke from a ways to the left.

Jet gave me a serious look, I was already standing up on Nyx' back. 'Koleyn, don't even thinkâ€|' "Too late for that, I already don't," I jumped into the air.

I streamlined down through the clouds for a few moments before I was caught by my other dragon sister Echo, a Thunderdrum.

"Thanks Echo," that wasn't the first time I'd ever done that. 'Never do that again!' squeaked a small voice behind me. My Terrible Terror and best friend Bandit!

I'd completely forgotten he was on my back," you know you can fly right?" 'Yes, but not when my best friend is hurtling towards the ground!' He sounded a little miffed now.

"Fine, I won't do that again," that also wasn't the first time I'd told that lie. My other dragon brother Spike, a Deadly Nadder, flew next to me. 'What was that? I can't hear you; I'm picking up too many lies!'

"Whatever Spike, let's just get back home, I'm tired." There were multiple roars of 'me too.' We passed under a layer of clouds, Bandit and I saw the sunset. We were both thinking the same thing.

"It never gets old huh?" 'Nope.' All around us were multiple cries of 'NO!' "It kinda makes you want toâ€|" 'Break into song?' "Yep"

"I love the mountains," 'I love the clear blue sky.' Everyone was roaring for us to shut up. "I love big bridges," 'I love when great whites fly." Both: "we love the whole world, and all its sights and sounds!" Echo flipped over and threw us off her back. We kept singing, they did this all the time. "Boom de yada, Boom de yada, Boom de yada, Boom de yada!"

I splashed directly into a pond, a perfect cannonball. Acid, Assan, and Shiver; a Changewing, Scauldron, and Whispering Death, respectively. Each held a card with a number.

Acid: 10

Assan: 10

Shiver: 8.5

"What's with the low score Shiver?" I was already climbing out of the pond. 'The singing was a bit off-key,' he would know. "I thought the judgment was on the splash."

In the garden were two elves, both completely soaked from the recent splash. "Where are your score cards?" "Regretfully, we were not informed there would be a show with you're entrance." "Then clearly

you don't know me." They were clearly not amused. "Lord Elrond wishes to see you," straight to business. "Tell him to leave me alone, I'm exhausted." "That's not up to you," I didn't know Lord Elrond was behind me. I turned/jumped around and nervously rubbed the scar that slashed from my hair line, through my eye, and to my shoulder. For some reason it never affects my vision.

"For the next few weeks, I request that when you check the land for monsters, you keep an open eye, don't miss anything." Okay, "well, I already do that, but yah, I love vague and mysterious instructions."

The three elves left my special garden, 'they didn't even say goodbye.' "Shut up Nyx." All the dragons were looking at me. 'What do we do now?' I could think of only one thing.

Koleyn: "I love the ocean."

Shiver: 'I love real dirty things.'

Jet and Nyx: 'We love to go fast.'

Echo: 'I love Egyptian kings.'

Siamese: 'I love the,' 'whole world.'

Spike: 'And all its craziness, we're talking about you Koleyn!'

Caldre: 'Boom de yada.'

Assan: 'Boom de yada.'

Acid: 'Boom de yada.'

All: "Boom de yada!"

**A/N: I hope you guys liked my first try at writing. Reviews would be nice, constructive criticism is welcomed, but if you're just being plain mean don't even bother. Well, Felan out! **

2. Chapter 2

Hey everyone! I'm back for chapter two, and I really want to thank Domitia Ivory for being the first person to review, and it was such a nice review. You guys probably don't want to hear me ramble; so, I don't own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon. Here's chapter 2!

Chapter 2: Hobbit Rescue

"Humans speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

As Lord Elrond had requested, I looked at everything; and as I'd predicted, nothing. I came back from every patrol completely exhausted, still made my awesome splashes though. I thought it was crazy, until about two weeks later.

I'm minding my own business, just flying around looking for monsters that need to be blown up. Then I see a horse without a rider, it's Arwen's horse!

I managed to get him to stop, there was actually a small person on his back, and they appeared to be unconscious. "Hey, hey, what's wrong?" All I heard from him was frenzied horse noises. "Jet, what'd he say?" 'Loosely translated, it means "Arwen, Hobbit, monsters, help fast, go!" but I might be paraphrasing a bit.'

"Go, I'll go save Arwen." The horse took off quickly towards home. "Jet, call the others." Jet roared so loud I thought I'd never hear again. We took off in the direction the horse had been running from; soon we were joined by Nyx, Caldre, Siamese, and Spike. 'What's the plan?' weird how those questions work.

"I don't have one," now everyone was looking at me. "Fine, fly down, rescue people, blast monsters. Is that good enough?" Jet snorted, 'it's a start.'

Black riders on black horses, how cliché. Arwen was running a ways ahead of them, along with Aragorn and three other hobbits. "Elrond is so going to kill me."

We landed in front of this odd group, Spike almost landed on a hobbit. "What are you standing there for? Pick a dragon and get on it!" They did as told, two smaller hobbits on Siamese, the fatter hobbit on Spike, Aragorn on Caldre; and finally, Arwen on Nyx. "Now make like a butterfly and fly away!" 'That doesn't even make sense.' "Shut up Jet, no one asked you."

They took off, "Jet, let's make some monsters explode!" The riders were closer than before, but I like a challenge. We ripped into the air above them.

Blasting them with fire didn't stop them, only their horses going down would stop them. Six of them reached the river. Arwen and the others were waiting on the other side. The flaming riders quickly reached the water, and the flames were extinguished.

"I'm doomed," the riders were almost to the middle of the river. 'Don't count your cards yet Koleyn.' Why was Bandit hiding on my back, "have you been there the whole time?" 'Yep, now look.'

He was right; the river was suddenly rushing downstream faster than ever. The riders and their horses were being swept away.

"Now it's time for everyone's favorite game: make sure Arwen isn't the slightest bit injured or else Elrond will kill me." 'Sounds fun, I can't wait to see how it ends!' We landed and I practically flew to Arwen.

"Are you damaged? Did you get a cut, twist your ankle, pick up a disease?" She just laughed at me, "I am fine Koleyn, you needn't fret such." "Yah, well at least your dad wouldn't kill you if you were injured." People were staring at me, again.

"What? He would!" 'Let's get back now,' Nyx always got me out of trouble. "Great idea, let's go."

The others guessed what I meant, and within minutes, we were flying again. It was Bandit and Mine singing time. "Hakuna Matata, what a wonderful phrase," 'Hakuna Matata, ain't no passing craze!' Everyone was telling us to shut up. "It means no worries, for the rest of your days," 'It's our problem free, philosophy!' "Hakuna Matata."

Jet threw me off and we were flying. We were both singing now, "It means no worries, for the rest of your days! It's our problem free, philosophy! Hakuna Matata!" We splashed into the pond. The two elves were back, this time with score cards.

Acid: 10

Assan: 10

Shiver: 9

Elf: 8

Other Elf: 8

"45 out of 50, not bad." "We were sent to inform you thatâ€¦" "Lady Arwen left, but now she's back." The dragons, along with my friends, were already landing. The guards went immediately to inform her father of her return.

"We must tend to our friend now, but I owe you my extreme gratitude for saving us," Aragorn said. "I have rescued you, so Koley's law dictates that I must now hug you." Arwen, and Aragorn allowed me to hug them; the hobbits did too, a bit unsure. The two smaller ones, Merry and Pippin, were so adorable that I almost crushed them. They hugged me even though I was soaked from my recent dive.

After that, they all left again. Once again, the dragons were all looking at me. "Well, Hakuna Matata."

3. Chapter 3

****Chapter 3 is here; I sprained my ankle and didn't want to walk on it, so I started working on the story. I don't wanna keep you too long; so, I don't own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon. Chapter 3!****

Chapter 3: New Friends and Dragon Lessons

"Humans speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

For some reason, hobbits want to know everything. The one hobbit, Sam, never left Frodo's side. Pippin and Merry, on the other hand, they got everywhere.

"Koley! Koley!" They caught me just as I was leaving for patrol. "Koley, can we come with you?" This could be fun. I walked over to Siamese, she was the nicest dragon for new riders, and the two heads were an added bonus.

"Put out a hand, each of you." They did as told, albeit rather nervously. "Go on," Siamese slowly approached and lowered her heads until each hobbit had a hand on one of her noses. The amazement in peoples eyes during this moment of connection, that's what I loved about dragon training.

We flew around the valley, thankfully, there was no danger today. Pippin and Merry really enjoyed flying, so much so that they came back the next day.

"Koleyn, can we go with you again?" This time I brought Spike and Echo. "Spike is a Deadly Nadder, Echo is a Thunderdrum. These two are very different from a Zippleback."

I think the deadly part scared them away from Spike. Eventually Merry stepped up, Pippin went with Echo instead. They both looked nervous; Spike had the word deadly in his name, and Thunderdrums had an appearance that could scare people who weren't used to it.

"Just do what you did yesterday." Once again, they were scared, but they did as they were told.

They enjoyed flying again, even with the slightly scarier dragons. Tomorrow, I'll bring out the scariest there is.

-The next day-

I was getting ready to fly out on Nyx; I thought they might've forgotten. "Koleyn, can we fly again?" right on time. This time I decided to test their courage. "Caldre is a Monstrous Nightmare, Shiver is a Whispering Death." These two clearly terrified them.

"Just trust them, and they'll trust you." They still weren't convinced, "just do it." Once again, they trusted me, and once again, the dragons trusted them.

Still, nothing out of the ordinary. There were a few people on horseback, but I paid them no attention. They weren't the black riders; these horses were white, or a light brown, some where grey. Nothing to worry about.

I figured it was time to introduce them to the high dive. Bandit agreed:

"I say, "I hate you," we break up, you call me, "I love you." The two hobbits just looked confused. 'Ooh, we called it off again last night,' "But ooh, this time, I'm telling, I'm telling you." We both started the chorus.

"We are never ever ever, getting back together. We are never ever ever, getting back together." Nyx finally threw us off her back.

You go talk to your friends, talk to my friends, talk to me. But we are never ever ever ever. The pond was directly below us. "Getting back together."

Splash! After we resurfaced, I looked around for my score keepers. They weren't there. The dragons only ever hid from one person.

"Hello Koleyln." I was right, he was behind me. "Hello Legolas." Legolas was in my garden, and my dragons were hiding from him. "Why are you here?" 'Yah! Go away!' Bandit, my best friend in the world, had stayed with me, and I couldn't be more grateful. "I want you to come home Felan, forget this life of dragons and become my sister again." "That is never going to happen, I love the dragons, and if you think I would just throw that all away. Then clearly you don't know me, and you should leave."

He did leave, but not before making it clear that as long as I associated with dragons, I was no friend of the elves of Mirkwood.

'We are never ever ever ever, getting back together.' "Like, ever."

So, that's chapter 3. I want to make it clear that Koleyln is human, and is only Legolas' adopted sister. Please Review, all reviewers get a computer hug! Just post your review and hug your phone or computer; I'll read it and hug my phone or computer. See, computer hug. That's all, Felan out!

4. Chapter 4

Hello, time for chapter 4! I want to say that I do very much love Legolas, and I am near obsessed with Orlando Bloom, but I think a storyline where he's a minor antagonist in the main characters eyes would be fun. I think, because of all the evil in Mirkwood, the elves there wouldn't like dragons too much, but other elves are fine with them. Chapter 4 is a bit longer, I know because in my notebook it took 5 pages instead of 3. Well, bring forth thy next chapter! I still don't own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon, chapter 4!

Chapter 4: Memories and Meetings

"Humans speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

-Flashback-

"Koleyln, get away from that monster!" I was carefully approaching the dragon, it was a Monstrous Nightmare. "No, I need to show you this, dragons are not monsters. They're not what we think they are." My adoptive father only got angrier, "get away from it!" I was only inches from the dragon now, my hand outstretched; the dragon was slowly approaching as well, "no! I will not let this madness continue, dragons are good!"

He let loose an arrow and it embedded itself in the dragons shoulder, "oh no." The dragon became enraged; I was trying to run, but one of its claws caught the right side of my face, tearing a long gash along the skin.

Before anything else happened, I heard Jet approaching the clearing. Nyx was with him, she rushed to shield me from the maddened Nightmare. I saw her face, and Jet holding back the Nightmare, then

everything went dark.

-Continued flashback, Jets P.O.V.-

The right side of her face was drenched with blood; I prayed to the gods she would still be able to see. 'Calm down, this girl is injured, and has no quarrel with you!' The Nightmare was still in a rage, 'I did not mean to harm her, I wish to destroy the elf who started this event, and threatened the girl's safety.' I let him pass, my love was with Koleyne, the girl was unconscious. 'We must take her to Lord Elrond; he will know what to do.' I agreed with my mate. She flew off to Rivendell, I turned to the king.

The Monstrous Nightmare lay dead from multiple arrows. But the elven king had no other weapon to defend himself. When he turned, I leaped; he was pinned to a rock. 'We are taking Koleyne to a place where you cannot harm her anymore. Never go near her again!'

-End of Flashback and back to Koleyne-

Twenty years had passed since that day, I had been 14. So much had happened since then, but I never forgot, how could I? I wear the constant reminder of that day with pride; Jet's prayer had worked, I could still see. Jet had told me the Nightmare didn't mean to hurt me, and had died trying to make things right.

This only increased the sadness I felt for that day; I still remembered the dragon's name, it was Kekoa. But right now was no time to think of such things. I had an important meeting to attend, and I was already late.

For me, meetings like this meant only one thing; sit in the corner with Jet and Bandit, trying to pay attention and not fall asleep.

I arrived quickly, only getting stared at by about everyone there. I took my seat and prayed to Thor that it would be over soon.

15 minutes passed and I was bored out of my mind. I started petting Jet, who had his head on my lap, like one of those cute big dogs that thinks they're little. Bandit was already asleep on my head and shoulder area. And when a Night fury has half of its upper body on your lap, you get pretty relaxed. The warm weather really wasn't helping.

I guess I'd drifted off and someone had asked me a question, because Jet slapped me in the head with one of his ears. "Koleyne?" It was the hobbit, Frodo. Apparently everyone was fighting over something. "I'm sorry, what?" "Have you been paying attention?" I love these questions, "not at all."

Apparently, my lack of focus concerned him, "well, I cannot get anyone's attention, but I need to say something." "Alright," with that, I whistled as loudly as I could. Everyone looked in my direction, and I looked at Frodo to hear what the hobbit had to say.

"I will take the ring to Mordor." Everyone's faces changed to expressions of amazement, so that's what we were talking about. "Thoughâ€¦ I do not know the way." Gandalf stood up, "I will help your bear this burden, Frodo Baggins, as long as it is yours to

bear." Aragorn spoke up from where he was sitting in the corner, "If, by my life or death, I can protect you, I will." He then knelt down in front of Frodo.

"You have my sword," Gimli the dwarf, Legolas, and I stepped forward. "And you have my bow," "and my axe," "and the dragons." Boromir spoke next, "You carry the fate of us all little one."

Before anyone else could speak, Sam ran into the room. "Here, Mr. Frodo's not going anywhere without me!" Lord Elrond looked at him, "No indeedâ€¦ it is hardly possible to separate youâ€¦ even when he is summoned to a secret council, and you are not."

I started to think the meeting was over, then Merry and Pippin come charging in! "Oi! We're coming too. You'll have to send us home tied up in sacks to stop us." I smiled wickedly, "that can be arranged."

"Anywayâ€¦ you need people of intelligence on this sort of missionâ€¦ questâ€¦ thingâ€¦" Merry looked at him, "well, that rules you out, Pip."

It was killing me, not laughing. Elrond looked us all over. "Ten companions, so be it." I could feel something big about to happen. "You shall be the Fellowship of the Ring."

"Great," Pippin said, "where are we going?" That did it; Jet had to catch me so I didn't hit the floor. I was laughing so hard, I probably wouldn't have noticed.

"If I laugh just a little bit, maybe I can recall the way that I used to be."

****Hope you guys liked it. I've decided that from this point on, instead of Koleyne singing a song each chapter, she'll just recite a song lyric that fits the mood. Anyone who can tell me the name of the song, which I do not own, gets a shout out at the beginning of the next chapter. You may have noticed that, during the flashback, Koleyne switched to a more Middle Earth way of speaking; this is because it happened before a major event that will get its own story eventually. Reviews get computer hugs! Felan, out!****

5. Chapter 5

****Welcome! All ye who enter, to chapter 5!**** ****Something I forgot to mention about the lyric contest, whoever has the most shout outs at the end of the story gets to be a character in my next story. Y'all ready? I don't own Lord of the Ring or How to Train Your Dragon, Chapter 5!****

Chapter 5: They won't eat you

"Humans speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

'Koleyne speaking dragonese' _

Jet, Nyx, and Bandit. I was only bringing these three with me; the

others would come if I needed them to. Sword, check; spare shirt and leggings, check; bag, check; dragon necklace. Where did I put that?

"Bandit, where's my necklace?" 'Here it is, how do I look?' He was wearing the necklace like a sash and striking the most ridiculous pose in Middle Earth, typical Terrors. "Take that off, yah big dummy," I jokingly poked him in the shoulder, then took back my necklace.

>The necklace was as black as the night sky; it was the symbol for strike class. A spiraled Nightfury with a small emerald where its eye would be. This necklace was the most important thing I needed to pack. There was magic in it that no one but me, the dragons, and a few very close friends, knew about. It could create things, summon dragons, and open portals to other worlds.<p>

I put it around my neck, and tucked it into my dark purple cloak. "C'mon, we need to meet the others." "Koleyn? It's time to leave; they told me you would be here." Boromir, and here I was, standing on a platform, in a tree, hidden entirely by leaves; this shouldn't be too hard to explain at all.

I jumped down the other side of the tree, landing silently; Bandit was latched to my back. Jet and Nyx were waiting for me, Jet had my pack. I stepped away from the tree and into the sunlight. "Were you just in that tree?" "No." "Are those the dragons you are bringing?" So many questions, "yes, is that a problem?"

"How are you to feed them?" He was really getting on my nerves, "you just leave that to me." I walked out, leaving him stunned; he'd come too close to discovering the necklace.

Everyone else was waiting at the gates. Sam 'greeted' me first, "you're bringing dragons? Won't they eat us?" I enjoyed the panic of this hobbit, who didn't need to know that dragons only ate fish. "Only if I tell them to." Sam moved to the other side of the group, Pippin and Merry laughed at his obliviousness.

Boromir finally showed up and, after a few kind words from Elrond, we set off. Jet had volunteered to carry supplies, Bill the pony was coming to, so we'd be good on food and supplies for a while. Nyx, on the other hand, walked along with me; we were chatting like old friends, which we were. I was speaking to her in dragonese, so as to avoid being heard.

Dragonese is a language that is completely silent. One must perfectly manipulate specific muscles in the throat, so the growls and roars of the language can only be heard by those who speak it.

'Did you remember the necklace?' '_Yes Nyx, I would never forget it.' _ 'I know, but it worries me sometimes.' She was like the mother I had never had. 'Do you know how long we'll be out here?' '_Not a clue.' _

We continued our conversation, occasionally joined by Jet or Bandit, but in the end, it was always me and Nyx. With no one else talking, and dragonese being silent, the silence soon began to get to me. Unfortunately, I hadn't yet mastered singing in dragonese. But I didn't necessarily need it to be silent.

I started growling a song I remembered, (**A/N: not the mystery song)**. I was just getting to the last verse, _'my vehicle is in your drive.' _That's when I noticed that everyone except Legolas and Aragorn was looking at me, "what?" "What were you saying?" This could be fun,"I was talking to the dragons." Sam appeared visibly freaked out at this.

I went back to singing, this time a different song, the others joined in with me, 'only one day away from your arms, I saw a welcoming light, and stopped to rest for the night.'

Everyone except Aragorn, Legolas, Gandalf, Pippin, Merry, and of course the dragons; began acting nervously around me. We continued for hours, only stopping for a short rest every now and then. When we finally stopped for the night, everyone except Legolas, Aragorn, and me, was exhausted.

The hobbits began cooking dinner for everyone; I secretly used the necklace to make some fish for the dragons. I decided to unpack my blanket, I usually slept on Nyx' back. My pack was held securely behind Nyx' head. After that, I unloaded some of the bags off Jet's back, he needed to be comfortable.

When everyone went to sleep, Jet and Nyx were lying next to each other, they were so cute. I curled up on Nyx' back to get some sleep. Right now, I could only think of the song from earlier; being so close to the dragons and my brother at the same time. "What can I do, when I can never, never, never go home again?"

**Finally to the journey, join me next chapter, hopefully for the mines of Moria. Don't forget, correct song guess gets shout out, most shout outs gets to be in the next story. Reviews get computer hugs. Felan, out! **

6. Chapter 6

Salut my readers, I know I promised Moria in this chapter but it would've been to long. I promise I'll get it in the next chapter. I would've done my usual chapter a day thing, but I got distracted; school, cleaning my room, reading, finding my TV remote that I lost two weeks ago, breaking my toe, and etc. Enough of that let's see it, chapter 6!

Chapter 6: The Misty Mountains

"Humans speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

'_Koleyn speaking dragonese'_

We travelled on for many days like this, travelling for long amounts of time, stopping only to rest and eat for short amounts of time. Soon everyone but Legolas and myself grew very weary of this. Even Bandit got tired of travelling, 'are we there yet?' He looked so pitiful that for a second, I forgot how lazy he was. But only for a second, then I remembered, '_Bandit, you ride on my back all day, you have no reason to be tired. Now stop complaining.' _He kept on sulking like the little baby he was. '_If you want to be like that

fine, go on Legolas shoulder, and don't let go till I tell you to.' _ Always happy to make mischief, Bandit complied.

He attached himself to Legolas arm and refused to let go. "Koleyn, remove your dragon from my arm!" That got everyone laughing, something we all need to do more often. Legolas was trying to shake Bandit off his arm now, "yes, Legolas, shake the dragon, that'll get it off your arm." At least the elf could understand sarcasm, "what o you suggest I do then?" Everyone was really laughing now. "You can either shut up and deal with it, or ask nicely for help."

Koleyn, will you please help me?" I could sense the sincerity in his voice, "here, just let me get a hold of him," '_come off him Bandit, and thanks for your help.' _H released his grip and returned to acting like a scarf. "He likes you," I said this in the girliest way possible, adding a little extra emphasis on the "you" just to creep him out. 'No I don't,'** '**_hush small one.' _

After a while, we came to the base of a mountain. "We should rest here," Boromir said, "then continue on to my city." I really wanted to throw in some weirdness, "it's not _you're _city, cities belong to the people." No one paid attention to my little bit of constitutional democracy, they were too desensitized to the weird. "We'll see," is all Gandalf would say. Why did he have to be so mysterious?

While Sam was cooking, Pippin and Merry asked for sword fighting lessons. They were having a "battle" with Boromir; I wasn't really paying attention. Then I heard them cry "for the Shire!" They were attacking his legs, but they didn't seem to be getting anywhere with that. I picked up a nearby tree branch to speed the process along. I hooked it behind his foot and pulled forward. He was sent to the ground where he was tackled by the hobbits. Through his laughter I heard him say, "rule one of sword fighting: watch out for crazy girls with branches." He smiled at me; I smiled back and stuck my tongue out at him.

This continued until Legolas started acting like a Chihuahua. "What's up?" "It is just a cloud." That didn't look like a cloud to me, "it's moving pretty fast." "and against the wind."

"Crebain, from Dunland!" Wait, what from where? Jet and Nyx were already pushing Bandit and I under a nearby ledge. There was plenty of room for the four of us, or should I say six; Pippin and Merry were hiding there too. The two larger dragons used their wings to block the front of the ledge. The birds could be heard searching the ground, we'd found a great hiding place.

I heard them leave, and moved to exit the cover of the ledge; but Nyx held me back. Jet walked out to survey the area. Nyx was carrying me like we were Shaggy and Scooby-Doo, if I was a dog and Nyx was a human. Everything was fine though, "Nyx please put me down." She complied by dropping me on the ground. "Thanks," I said with my face in the dirt, "I really needed that."

'No problem.' Everyone was emerging from various hiding places, mostly under bushes.

We continued on from there, travelling by night, sleeping by day. While going up the mountain, everyone else tired quickly, even Legolas. None of it bothered me though; I'd grown up around

mountains. '_No air like thin air in my opinion.' '_More like air-head,' '_shut up Bandit.'_'

Legolas easily kept up, but I could tell he didn't like the cold at all. I, on the other hand, was completely barefoot. I'd learned that the lighter you are, the more likely you could walk on the snow instead of in it. Weight was never a problem for me, anyone who has ever lifted me knows that I weigh as much as a kitten. I only ever dressed in a light blue or purple shirt with black leggings. My cloak was thin, and because of all this, I could easily walk on the surface of the snow. Near the top of the mountain, things began to get worse for the others.

A quiet voice seemed to flow through the air, but I couldn't understand what it was saying. "Hey, Gandalf, what's that sound?" "What sound do you speak of, for there are many sounds on a mountain." Legolas could hear it too, "there is a fell voice on the wind." Now Gandalf heard it, "it is Saruman!" Everyone could definitely hear it now, "he is trying to bring down the mountain!" The dragons and I moved towards the hobbits.

'_Nyx, can you hear it? There is an avalanche coming!' '_Just in time, we reached the hobbits; Jet and Nyx had just enough time to shield us with their wings. The snow surely would have crushed the tiny people if they hadn't. '_So, this is nice,' '_not really the time Koleyn.'

I dug us out of the cavern we were in; everyone else was above the snow. I looked over at Boromir, he was covered with snow, "now you know how a snowman feels, congratulations."

"We cannot continue this way much longer, or it will surely be the end of the little ones." "Where are they?" I had left them under the snow with the dragons; I face palmed, "I'll get 'em." I went back and pulled them above the snow, Jet Nyx and Bandit followed. "There ya' go, good as new."

"I move we make for the gap of Rohan, and head towards Gondor." "No, that would bring us too close to Isengard. We must find another way."

"We should go through the mines of Moria." I zoned out after that, leaving the others to talk about it. The talk about snowmen made me want to build one. When I finished, I turned it to face Pippin and Merry, "Hi, I'm Olaf, and I like warm hugs." The two hugged the snowman. Now I started thinking of the pony Bill, he would never make it through Moria! Eventually though, the plan was settled, and we headed back down the mountain.

The way was hard; the men had to clear paths in the snow for the hobbits and Gimli. I tried to help, but as they pointed out, I was too small to make the slightest imprint in the snow. At a certain point, the snow became thinner and the wind colder. Everyone else complained about the continued storm, but I liked it.

"Let the storm rage on! The cold never bothered me anyway."

Hope you guys liked the chapter. Reviews get computer hugs, so make sure you review. Now I'm off to see the new Amazing Spider-Man movie! Felan, out.

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

****Greetings, I'm back after not updating for a solid month, sorry about that. But school's finally out, and I have nothing at all to do but write. I did enjoy throwing every piece of paper out of my binders though, it looks like a paper tornado went through my room and someone decided to throw a bomb in that tornado. I do not own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon, if I did I wouldn't write this, I'd make a movie out of it. Well, chapter 7.****

Chapter 7: Moria

"Humans speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

'_Koleyn speaking dragonese'_

We arrived at the hidden door; I could see why they called it hidden. We all stood in front of a blank rock wall, I didn't see a door. Something was blurred about my vision though; I closed my right eye, fine. I switched to look only through my right eye, there was a door! An outline anyways, it looked like a glowing arch on the cliff wall. "Gandalf, is that the door, right there?" I pointed at the seemingly blank wall; Gandalf walked forward and placed his hand on the wall where I had indicated. The archway was visible to everyone now. "So it is"

"Speak friend and enter," "what the hell does that mean?" The hobbits audibly gasped at my language, I didn't care. "It is simple, if you are a friend, you must simply speak the password and enter," "well that is maddeningly unhelpful." Well, I didn't know the password, so I decided to sit on a rock and wait for the people who have been around longer than dirt to figure it out. Everyone else was completely silent, except for Gandalf who was saying who knows what in some ancient language; Sam was having a hard time saying goodbye to Bill. I decided to walk over there; I could finally do something helpful.

I held my necklace tightly in my hand, _'Spike, I need you to follow this horse and make sure it doesn't get eaten.'_

I placed my hand lightly on Bill's nose, when I removed it; there was a faint spiraling mark on his skin. Sam gave him one last pat on the back and set him loose. As he galloped away, I could hear the quite sound of wings, dragon wings, Spike.

A loud splash caught my attention; one of the hobbits was throwing rocks in the lake. Aragorn finally spoke, "it is best not to disturb the water." Gandalf and Frodo had been speaking quietly, then Gandalf spoke, "mellon." The doors opened to reveal an entirely dark hall, "well, I guess we know the password now." We began walking in, Gimli was bragging about the home of his cousin, "and to believe they call it a mine, a mine!"

I was starting to think something was wrong. I didn't know what it

was; maybe the cold, maybe the dark, maybe the heaps of dwarf skeletons. Wait, dwarf skeletons? "I don't think this is anyone's home." My voice echoed ominously along the stone walls. '_Jet, if you please,'_ he released a blast of sound, echolocation. When I looked back he just shook his head, 'no dwarves, justâ€|'

Then Frodo was being dragged away by a freaking octopus! I had my swords drawn now, they were curved scimitars made entirely of obsidian, the handle was leather bound steel.

Now, this is the part of my story where I do the craziest, stupidest, yet at the same time bravest, thing I have ever done in my entire life. I charged the tentacles; everyone else was staying behind, long distance attacks. _If this doesn't kill me, I'm either immortal, or the luckiest person in middle earth. _I began running; jumping across the monster's many arms. I finally managed to locate the arm holding Frodo, man did he look freaked.

I sliced the arm off, catching Frodo before he could fall. I quickly sheathed my scimitars, and pulled one of my favorite weapons out of my pocket. "Koleyn, what is that?" His voice was filled with terror; we were standing on a giant octopus trying to eat us, "explosives." "Where did you get it?" "Not important, off topic, and I wouldn't tell you anyways." I pulled the pin, dropping the object down towards the water, and jumped.

Running with a hobbit under my arm, from an explosive, still not the weirdest thing that's ever happened. We all made it back inside the mine, when the explosive went off it took the whole outer wall down with it. "Well, we won't be using that door ever again," "Then we have no choice but to carry on." And keep calm, I'm serious, Frodo and Legolas looked like they were about to hyperventilate.

The space was very open; the night furies could easily fly to scout ahead, and behind. 'Why don't you tell them what else is down here?' '_Because Bandit, if they knew, they'd all freak out, if they can get through this without knowing, we'll be fine.'_ Nyx reported that there was a very ugly creature following us. "What is it Gandalf?" "It is the creature Gollum, once called Smeagol. He had the ring in his possession before Bilbo, now he wants it back." "How I pity that Bilbo didn't slay him when he had the chance." This phrase caught my attention, and I couldn't help it, I snapped.

"Don't hate Frodo, pity is probably why Gollum is still alive, without pity, we'd all turn into heartless killers. There are so many people in this world that deserve to die as painfully as possible," I thought of Thranduil, who slayed dragons without a cause. "And others still who deserve to live, but die for a cause," I once again thought of Kekoa, who died for his and my own freedom.

We travelled for many days in silence, Gollum still followed us. Eventually we came to a room; the exit was just a few miles past here. In this room there was a book, Gandalf began deciphering it. Pippin was standing by a well, he was reaching towards a skeleton sitting on it, "wait, Pippin don't touch that!" I was too late, even if I had my friend Aerynn's power to stop things from falling, it wouldn't have helped. The arm fell off, dragging with it a chain, a bucket, and finally the rest of the armor clad skeleton. The noise was very loud, Bandit covered his eyes, Jet and Nyx covered their ears.

"Fool of a Took, next time throw yourself in; rid us of your stupidity." Harsh, but it was stupid. Everyone was on edge now, and they had a right to be. 'Koleyn, there is a new sound; it's coming from, well, everywhere!' Legolas and Boromir were already moving to close the door. Legolas looked around the corner, "orcs!" Then four arrows embedded themselves in the door near Boromir's head.

The ground began to tremble under our feet, Legolas looked around the corner again, "they have a cave-troll." Time for things to get interesting, I drew one of my scimitars and prepared to fight. The orcs were already outside the door, and working on breaking through. The door collapsed with a crash, and behind it was an incredibly large, incredibly ugly cave troll.

The first group of orcs charged, I'd trained in sword fighting for years, and handled multiple orcs with ease. Then Boromir backed me into a corner! "Let me go you idiot!" I was yelling from behind him while hundreds of orcs poured into the room. "A battle is no place for a woman," "who do you think you're calling a woman!" I removed my dagger from its holster on my leg. I took the blade and slashed part of his arm, his momentary lapse of focus gave me the opportunity to duck under his arm.

Jet and Nyx were taking down orc after orc, aren't dragons just wonderful. Bandit was hiding in my bag. We moved into formation and took down the monsters more efficiently. The troll was still lumbering around the room, mostly going after the hobbits. I turned in time to see it stab its spear at Frodo. **(Man that was bad grammar)**

He collapsed, and everything turned crazy. Aragorn was on the troll's back, and he stabbed it through the neck. Boromir picked up Frodo and we all ran from the room, the orcs had all disappeared to some unknown location. Down the hall a bit, Frodo spoke, "I'm fine; I can walk on my own." Everyone stopped, "we thought you were dead!" The matter was left at that and we continued running; it was starting to get really hot.

Gandalf only made us run faster. We reached a long series of stairs; I almost fell off the edge. (Boromir grabbed my arm before I could become a flightless bird) We ran down the stairs before we were stopped by a break in the rocks.

Legolas and Aragorn had already jumped over, then Gimli and Gandalf, _'the funniest part is that they haven't even thought about dragons yet.'_

When it was my turn, I took a running start and jumped. I caught the edge, just as the stone began to crumble.

**Felan: Hurray for cliff-hangers! Or is it stair hangers?
**

Domitia: Really? Why would you do this?!

Felan: She has three dragons watching her every move, she'll live, even if she does fall.

Domitia: But stillâ€¦

****Felan:** (Sticks out tongue) I'm new at this! ******

****Domitia:** And I like to read stories! Cliffy's are just mean and scary.******

****Felan:** Whatever, I'm just trying to use a bit of humor to cover up the terror I'm feeling because I just heard a weird noise in my closet. Felanâ€|******

****Domitia:** and D.I.******

****Both:** Out.******

8. Chapter 8

****Hey,** I've conquered writers block and I'm back with chapter 8. Sorry it took so long, I lost the notebook where I'd written the chapter about half way through typing it, then I meant to get back to writing, but I could never find a good time. Thank you, anyone who's stuck around this long to read this. I do not own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon. Enjoy.******

Chapter 8: Moria Memories and on to Lothlorien

"Human speak"

'Dragons speaking'

'_Koleyn speaking dragonese'_

Boromir stopped me from falling, again. "I had that under control."
"I know, and I fear the day you _don't _have something under control."

"Oh ha ha." Maybe I should throw him off the stairs, show him how in control I am. Wait, what?

The ground began trembling as the other half of the stairs flew towards us, with Aragorn and Frodo on it! The stair halves connected, and Aragorn landed on top of me! "Good Strider, would you be so kind as toâ€| get the hell off of me!"

"Sorry"

"And for the love of Thor can we please keep moving?" "Who?"

"Not important," with that I lifted Pippin over my head and ran the rest of the way down the stairs. "Koleyn, where's the fire?"

"Everywhere!"

"Make for the bridge!"

Didn't have to tell me twice, I was getting out of that nightmare. The orcs were all climbing down the pillars in countless masses.
"We're surrounded."

There was a mighty below, the room grew brighter, and an enormous creature of indescribable horror lumbered in. The orcs were gone now, but I would've gladly fought each and every one of them single handedly rather than face this creature, even in a group.

"What is this new devilry?" I couldn't form any words other than what came to my mind, "holy, shit."

"A Balrog! a demon of the ancient world! This is beyond any of you!"

I could tell that any hope that existed was now gone, "damn."

"Run, quickly!" oh, you don't say, I was going to invite the monster of unspeakable horror to tea.

There was a bridge now. This was our chance to escape. "Over the bridge! Fly!" well no duh.

We were all running across the bridge, I was still carrying Pippin, I don't know why. It wasn't until we'd gotten to the other side that I saw Gandalf. He'd stopped, in the middle of the bridge. He was facing the monster; staff in one hand, sword in the other.

"You cannot pass!"

"Gandalf!"

"I am the servant of the secret fire, wielder of the flame of Anor. The dark fire will not avail you, flame of Udun."

The Balrog took a step forward. It's wings spread completely from wall to wall.

"Go back to the shadow!" The Balrog slashed at him with its sword, there was a flash of light; Gandalf had blocked it with his own sword. The Balrog's sword shattered into molten fragments.

"You shall not pass!" The Balrog placed a foot on the bridge. From the corner of my eye I could see Aragorn and Boromir racing forward, swords drawn. My attention was focused entirely on the scene taking place on the bridge.

There was a loud yell and a flash of light, I saw Gandalf's staff shatter as it struck the bridge. The Balrog disappeared from sight, into the chasm below. Next the scene seemed to move in slow motion, the Balrog's whip came and lashed to Gandalf's knees. He was pulled off the bridge and barely holding on to the edge.

"Gandalf!" I was surprised to find that the scream came from not only Frodo, but me as well.

"Fly, you fools!" Then he was gone, following the beast to who knows where. I barely registered Aragorn scooping up Frodo and carrying him away, the fact that I'd let go of Pippin; I could barely feel Boromir's hold on my wrist as he dragged me along. All of this paled in comparison to the fact that he was gone, just like that; hopelessness completely consumed every fiber of my being.

We came out onto a grassy sunlit hillside; the hobbits all slowly

sank to the ground. I sat down with my back to the others; I couldn't let them see that I was crying. Jet and Nyx were standing behind me; Jet's paw was on my shoulder. The familiar sound of my bag opening was followed by the terror himself curling around the back of my neck, pressing his cheek to my own.

I heard Aragorn speaking to Legolas and Gimli, "Legolas, get them up!"

"Give them a momentâ€¦ for pity's sake!" I quickly dried my tears; I didn't need Boromir's pity.

"By nightfall these hills will be swarming with Orcs! We must reach the woods of Lothlorien. Come, Boromir, Legolas, Gimli, get them up. On your feet, Sam."

I was about to stand up on my own, but Legolas got to me first. He quickly pulled me to my feet before walking off; I quickly mumbled that I didn't need his help.

"Frodo? Frodo!" the hobbit in question was currently stumbling off in a random direction, shock and devastation were clear on his face. In the fading light, we marched on to Lothlorien.

(Yay, line thingy on the page that my computer is too old to do)

The forest floor was strewn with yellow flowers, above was a roof of golden leaves, held up by the silver pillars of trees.

"Stay close, young hobbitsâ€¦ They say a Sorceress lives in these woods. An elf-witch of terrible power. All who look upon her fall under her spell and are never seen again." I don't know about anyone else, but Gimli was starting to get on my nerves.

"Well, here's one dwarf she won't ensnare so easily. I have the eyes of a hawk and the ears of a fox!" I highly doubted that. Didn't anyone else notice the encircling elves that came closer as we went further into the forest? Well, they would know now, we were surrounded.

"The dwarf breathes so loud we could have shot him in the dark." Aragorn addressed Haldir, "Haldir of Lorien, we come here for your help. We need your protection." The others looked confused about what he said until I realized why, stupid subconscious elvish translations.

"Aragorn, these woods are perilous. We should go back." I was tired of this dwarf who had no idea when to shut up, I decided to tell him. "Will you shut up already?" Haldir seemed to smile slightly, yah, it probably did sound funny when I said it, can't help the accent.

"You have entered the realm of the lady of the wood. You cannot go back." His eyes locked on Frodo, "come, she is waiting." It took several hours to reach the city, until finally we were standing on a fleet waiting to meet the Lord and Lady of the wood.

"Nine there are, yet ten there were set out from Rivendell. Tell me, where is Gandalf, for I much desire to speak with him." Staring at my feet and holding onto Nyx was probably not the best idea I'd ever had, but with Jet standing behind me and Nyx at my side I felt

better; I had no idea where Bandit was, he had scurried off as soon as we'd reached the city.

"He has fallen into shadow," she turned to look at Aragorn, "the quest stands upon the edge of a knife. Stray but a little and it will fail, to the ruin of all. Yet hope remains while the company is true." She turned towards Sam.

"Do not let your hearts be troubled. Go now and rest for you are weary with sorrow and much toil. Tonight you will sleep in peace." We were lead to a pavilion set among the trees near a fountain, there were soft couches, and some elves brought food and wine. Mournful music could be heard drifting through the trees.

"A lament for Gandalf"

"What do they say about him?" I could hear, I was trying not to, but I didn't really have a choice. "I have not the heart to tell you. For me, the grief is still too near." Boromir was sitting off to the side by himself.

"Take some rest, these borders are well protected." Moonlight faintly glinted of tears streaking down Boromir's face.

"I will find no rest here. I heard her voice inside my head, she spoke of my father and the fall of Gondor, and she said to me: 'Even now, there is hope left.' But I cannot see it, it is long since we had any hope." I stopped paying attention, this was an emotional conversation.

'Nyx, I don't really like this anymore, it's getting way to intense, people are dying and there are creatures trying to kill us at every turn, I think we should go back home.' I was disappointed in myself; I had wanted to finish the quest.

'No one is asking anymore than what you want to do, you don't have to continue if you don't want to.' I know she was trying to make me feel better, but I just felt bad. Jet leaned over and looked at me, 'what do you mean, "go home"?''

'I mean home, where I need to be.' I had to go back, and I desperately needed to.

"Come on, let's go find Bandit."

Yay, I'm done with this chapter, for all you people who have been reading, thanks. I hope I get the next chapter out faster than this one. Please review, follow, and favorite. I love you all, please keep reading.

9. Chapter 9

Salut, mes copains. I told you I'd be back soon. Ok, due to the fact that my brothers birthday is in a week and I don't know what to get him, this chapter officially goes out to my bestest big brother Cody; no, that isn't his name it's just what he uses for all his Pok mon games. There will be a character that is supposed to be him. I do not own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon. Read and review or else! uh! meow!

Chapter 9: My Big Brother

"Human speak"

'Dragon speak'

'_Koleyn's dragonese'_

I'm hanging upside down from a tree, not because I want to be, it's a long story really. Back to more pressing matters, there is a small crowd of elf children below the tree, along with my dragons, it wasn't helping that they were all laughing.

"Well kids, practice your archery, carry a knife, eat plenty of Lembas, and you'll still never be quiet as clumsy as me." There high pitched laughter was so cute, I didn't want to leave. But there must always be that moment in time when you fall out of the tree. The children scurried off giggling, I think I heard one little elf boy say that he wanted to grow up to be just as amazing as I was. Aww, he thinks I actually have a life.

_'Nyx, time to go; Jet, do you still have Bandit.' _I didn't really have to ask, it looked kind of cute since Jet was holding him upside down.

'Are you sure you don't want to tell them your leaving?' I stared over to where I new the rest of the group was; glad they couldn't see through trees.

"I'm sure, I hate long goodbyes." I quickly climbed into the saddle on Nyx's back; Bandit was curled inside my cloak.

"Come on guys, we're going home." Both of the Night Furies wings spread to full length, and in one powerful down stroke we soared into the air. They'll have noticed that for sure, take offs through leaves always make noise.

We flew for what seemed like hours, passing over the ocean at last, the beautiful island that was my home was in view. We flew through the rock formations, enjoying the familiarity of the surrounding world. We were home.

There was once a time when dragons flew these skies at all hours of the day, now dragons were so rare that even if they were out, you wouldn't notice them. In fact, some of the last dragons in existence were in my pack. That's what bonded us; each and every one of us was the last of a dying breed.

We landed gently in the grass around the cove; a small house had been built by the lake on the other side. I gently slid to the ground, enjoying the feel of the familiar ground beneath my feet.

This is Berk; there are forests, lakes, beaches, mountains, and a wonderful amount of seclusion from the outside world. The only downside was the attack; while other Vikings may have had Greeks, or Romans, we gotâ€|elves.

(Linebreaklinebreaklinebreaklinebreaklinebreaklinebreaklinebreaklinebreak)

A hulking black figure tackled me from the bushes behind us, sending me and it toppling down the cliff and into the cove. At the bottom I was pinned under the large reptilian figure, and I did the only thing possible; I grabbed it around the neck and hugged him.

"Hey Toothless, how's the best alpha in Berk?" He was gently batting at my hair, pulling multiple dark red strands out of their braid. Then he squished me by landing full force on top of me.

"I give, I give! You win!" He started licking me and I was completely soaked with dragon spit, I wiped it off and jokingly rubbed the saliva onto his scales. He was directly afterwards tackled by Nyx.

"Aww, daughterly love," that's right, Toothless is Nyx's dad. Her mom Lyndi died when the elves attacked. Jet was found on Dragon Island, alone, trapped in the depths of the volcano. Movement over by the house caught my attention.

'_So, you've finally come home Koleyn, it's been a long time, far too long.'_ I turned to face the one speaking.

'_It's true Jay, I have been gone, but not because I wanted to be. Forces were not within my control.' _Jay stepped closer.

"The elves took you from me time and time again, and now you're here; it's almost like your back from the dead." He then pulled me into a hug made purely of love and sentiment, and I hugged back. The only thing that can beat a father's love for his daughter is a sister's love for her brother.

The house was the one we'd grown up in together, for seven years we played together, trained together, and lost our parents together. When the elves came, mother died trying to protect the children. Father and Toothless had fought till the end, together, until Thranduil himself had ended their life together with a single arrow. Toothless would have gone the same way, but I was a kid, the mind I possessed believed that if I asked, then they would stop.

Instead, they had carried me away, leaving Jay to escape with Toothless, he had eight more years than I did flying Toothless. Us Haddock's learned to fly before we learned to walk.

It took me eight years to figure out why the elves attacked, why everyone said Legolas was my half-brother, why I looked and acted nothing like the other elves, and why Thranduil tried to horribly hard to replace my real father. Astrid Hofferson, married to my father Hiccup, ex-wife of the elven king, was an elf.

**Yah, yah, yah, it was a short chapter, and kind of lame. It was more of a filler chapter than anything, and I wrote it after being awake for a solid 24 hours. But, yah, Jay is the character dedicated to my awesome brother. You are the Finn to my Jake, the Frodo to my Sam, the Aragorn to my Legolas, the Harry to my Ron, the Magneto to my Professor X, and the Hiccup to my Toothless. Yay, I love my big brother, happy birthday! Review, Follow, and Favorite, I love you guys. Felan Out! **

****Hello, today I tried to answer a rock because I thought it was my phone. So, today I'm saying: yay for stupid. I do not own Lord of the Rings or How to Train Your Dragon. Read and review or elseâ€¦meow! Ps: this chapter might have just a few spoilers for how to train your dragon 2, so, read at your own risk.****

Chapter 10: Going Back

"Human speak"

'Dragon speak'

'_Koleyn's Dragonese'_

I've been staying with Jay for a few weeks now, and yes, I had every idea what was going on. Several Terrible Terrors were still around to act as scouts, and they brought information from everywhere. Boromir was dead, Pippin and Merry were taken by orcs, Frodo and Sam had disappeared, Rohan was being controlled by Saruman, and Denethor was going crazy. That had all happened within a week, I had been smart to leave.

"So, you were on a quest with our immortal half-brother, a wizard, two lords of Gondor, four hobbits, and a dwarf; sounds like the beginning of a bad joke." We were feeding the dragons on the island; there wasn't more than five hundred, where there used to be thousands. He wasn't wrong, it was a joke.

"It is a joke, after all that's happened, they're still trying. They haven't figured out that they should give up." A young Stormcutter snatched a large trout from the bag I was carrying, "shoo, Thundercloud you've had yours already." She made a gurgling sound before scampering back into the caves.

"How does anyone know when to give up? If we could tell that, then maybe we could accomplish a little less." Stupid older brother logic, I prefer my own thoughts.

"I'm starting to think that maybe you're more elf than Viking." He smiled and threw a fish to a seashocker. "And you are more Viking than elf. And more dragon than Viking." We finished feeding the dragons and were walking away from the caves, there were still some dragons following us.

"You're bugging me a bit, I don't mind being a dragon, but if you're going to use your reclusive monk knowledge against me I'm going to spit up fish on you." He opened his mouth like he was trying to say something. "Oh, too late, here's one now," I made regurgitating noises before throwing a fish left in the bag at him.

"Ew," a little Nadder quickly snapped up the discarded fish. "If you are going to throw fish at me, at least make sure you are not doing it just for the halibut," I turned to look questioningly at him.

"I'm sorry, whatâ€¦" I walked into that one, now I was going to smell like halibut.

We made it back to the cove where Jet and Nyx greeted Jay and I

respectively. In Nyx's case, greeted meant tackled. Right after I escaped Nyx, I was face to face with Toothless. It was a few seconds of stare down before he licked my face, coating it with saliva.

"Gah, you know that doesn't wash out!" He laughed along with the other dragons, Jay was laughing too. I quickly wiped some spit off my face and flicked it at Jay. Now it was just the dragons laughing at us. I walked over to where Spike, Caldre, and the rest of the pack were; they had shown up after about a week on Berk.

_'I brought food!' _This statement received effective results, mainly, no matter how old and nearly deaf a Changewing is, they'll always wake up at the word "food." I passed out the last of the fish and walked back over to the other dragons, and Jay.

"I still do not understand what you do to make them so alert to your presence." I looked at him sarcastically. "Our father was the greatest dragon master on earth, able to pull a dragon from the control of the dragon king, and you want to know how I can walk into a group of dragons with a bag of fish and make them wake up?"

A crash nearby startled us out of our conversation, I volunteered to go investigate, and by volunteer I mean I ran off shouting that I would be back. It was Bandit, back from his scouting mission that I'd assigned to him. The crashing noise had been him flying into a tree out of exhaustion. _'Bandit, are you okay buddy?_' _

'I've been flying for three days to get here, Helms Deep is under attack, the Uruk-hai have blown open the defending wall.' I stared at him in shock, it was impossible to break open the walls of Helms Deep. Only dragon fire could cause such damage, specifically, Zippleback fire; the last five Zipplebacks in the world lived here on Berk. If Rohan was under attack, then we could be next.

"Jay!" I was running back to the cove; Bandit was clinging to my back for dear life. "Jay, Rohan is under attack, the Uruk-hai have broken through the walls of Helms Deep!" Jay turned to fix me in his serious look; he only ever looked at anyone that way when it was a matter of life and death. A strange fire seemed to light in his eyes, he was every bit the elven warrior that I knew he was.

"We must prepare, we are going to Helms Deep." I stopped in my tracks; he grabbed my arm and continued running. "Do I have a say in this? What if I don't want to go?"

"No you do not have a say in this matter, and if you do not wish to come along then I will have one of the dragons carry you with us." I knew that he wasn't kidding, he'd done it before. But part of his sentence caught my attention.

"Wait, wait, wait; we're taking the dragons?" They were our responsibility, and if anything happened to them it would be our fault.

"I know what your thinking, yes, the dragons will be coming with us; only long distance attack will be used, everything will be alright." He was opening the wooden gates that lead down to the dragon stables, "you'll be flying with Toothless." For the second time in an hour I was stopped in my tracks.

"That's right, you will be flying with the greatest hero in middle earth, defeater of Drago Bludvist, King of Dragons, defender of the realms of this earth." I felt like I was going to throw up. "Now come along we mustn't waste time."

It took a day and a half for us to reach to battle, faster dragons, faster than Terrors. The Zipplebacks were sent first, Siamese with them, they spread flammable gas throughout the battle field, and sparked it. Immediate confusion spread through the forces of orcs, their attackers were invisible to them. Several Seashockers and Skrills went after, their forces of electricity started fires. Changewings spread their acid along the ranks, Whispering Deaths made large portions of the ground collapsed.

Echo and two other Thunderdrums shattered large contraptions with their sonic blasts. Spike led Nadders to trap the orcs in different areas. Gronkles, Monstrous Nightmares, and many other breeds of dragons launched bolts of fire into the ranks. Toothless and I were flying in perfect synch, Nyx never strayed far from our position, and Jet and Jay were flying towards us.

"I told you, everything is fine, everyone is going to make it out of here." His words acted as a trigger; a crack, followed by a whizzing noise came from below. A net ensnared both Jet and Jay tangling around Jet until his wings were flattened to his sides entirely, bent oddly in some places. They fell, 300 feet, straight down into fire.

I turned in the direction the netted bola had come from; it was a ballista, on the wall of Helms Deep, next to an elf, an all too familiar elf.

I wanted him to feel pain, to take the one who hurt me, and hurt them back times a million! I began a downward arch; I wouldn't attack him yet, just demonstrate raw power; demonstrate, then kill. The familiar shriek of a Nightfury filled the air; the impact of the plasma bolt rocked the whole of Helms Deep, killing any remaining orcs. I landed on the wall, but before I could move for revenge I was pulled into a hug, it was Aragorn.

"You truly are a woman of many surprises," I turned to identify the voice, it was Haldir; he was limping slightly, supported by none other than Spike. "Your forces came at the almost perfect time; this dragon here has saved my life."

"Thank you, but they are not my forces, they are my brothers." It was not a surprise that the dragons were assumed as mine, no one had met my brother, and I was accompanied by the king of dragons.

"I was not aware you had a brother other than Legolas, but I would greatly like to meet him." The sentence alone nearly made me collapse with sobs, "I'm afraid that's not possible."

"And why would that be?" I turned in an almost ominous way to face Legolas, and I most likely appeared as a vengeful warrior to the horrid elf. Visible tears streaked down my face, I looked at him in pure hatred.

"Why don't you ask the one who killed him?"

I think that last sentence really adds to my drama factor here. Also, no, I did not just kill off my own brother, it was a character **_dedicated **_**to my brother. Happy 4****th**** of July everyone. Review, follow, and favorite, I love you guys. Felan out!**

11. Chapter 11

Well, I don't know what happened, but my computer deleted this the first time I typed it up, but I finally found inspiration. Please review!

Chapter 11: If he dies

"Normal speaking"

'Dragons speaking'

'_Koleyn in Dragonese'_

I stood there, the fearsome creature I became when I was completely enraged. The fury took hold of me, and I lunged. I soared past Legolas, and tackled my victim. Before I could completely rip him apart, Legolas and Aragorn managed to pull me off of him. They shouted for me to stop, and to explain what had happened. I ignored them and continued to shout.

"Fingon Tasartir you will pay for what you have done! If you do not find him, I will rip out your tongue and force feed it to you, and if he's not alive I will do it anyways!" The screamed threat was enough to send the elf running. The others stared at me, forgetting for once the fun-loving crazy girl they once knew, and finally realizing that I could truly be a monster.

"Nevermore shall I know love and guidance, for all I once loved are dead?" I collapsed on the ground into hysterical sobs, pulling my knees closer, trying to disappear. The others left, leaving me to my fit of depression. I couldn't think of what else to do, other than what I knew to do for these times.

"Time has passed, the wheel has turned. It is time for me to move on. I will walk hand in hand with the ancient ones, and with my ancestors who came before me. Great mother, welcome me back, I come to you and know I am blessed, for my life has been one I am proud of. As I enter your world, wrap me in your loving arms, and welcome me." It was customary in Viking culture to say the prayer for those who couldn't say it for them selves.

Toothless came and wrapped his wings around me, pulling me close with his large paws. He hadn't known that I had actually loved anyone other than Jay, and he never would, he was dead. I just continued to cry, Bandit eventually came, rubbing his nose to my cheek. I took solace in the fact that the dragons had begun their own prayer, one to ferry the soul of their fallen leader to the halls of Valhalla.

Soon my vengeful mood returned, and I made an oath, I didn't care who heard, "sja ykkarr i valholl." It was the first time in years I had

spoken in my native tongue, the first thing I now said, see you in Valhalla.

I don't know how long I waited there, but finally I felt a familiar hand on my shoulder, it was Legolas. His eyes were red, he'd been crying; I had nearly forgotten, Jay was his brother too. "They found Jet; he's alive thanks to his fireproof skin."

I finally looked up, "and Jay?" He stared down at me, the silence spoke volumes. I lowered my head again. Instead of leaving, Legolas sat down beside me; he wrapped his arms around me and held me to him while I cried. His cheek rested on my head, he was crying too.

We'd never actually been this close since I was ten, and I would fall out of trees and hurt myself. To be fair, I hadn't seen him in nearly twenty years. I don't know how long I sat there, but I eventually fell asleep, feeling like a child again.

Someone was shaking me awake, it was Nyx, she was standing over me, and Legolas had fallen asleep too. 'Jet's alive, but he's hurt, he needs you.' Legolas had stirred by now, and I was already running after Nyx.

There was Jet, they hadn't bothered to move him after they found him, and I knew it was hopeless, I could feel it in the air. Jet was surrounded in blood; an orc spear had stabbed completely through his spine. His breathing was ragged, and I could tell he was dying. I did the only thing that made sense to me; I sat down by his head, put my hand on his nose and cried. He stirred slightly under my hand, roared slightly, and his nose slipped from my palm. The rustle of wings told me that Nyx had left.

I just sat by the dragon that had acted as my father figure for over twenty years, and blanked. There was no sign of any remains from Jay, they had moved them by now, and it wasn't something I wanted to see either.

To my surprise, Legolas came to me again. He ran his hand along Jet's head, and sat down, pulling me to him again. "Legolas, we're still brother and sister right?" He hugged me even tighter. "Of course tithen niphredil Nin." I hadn't had anyone call me that in years, it had been everyone's name for me in Mirkwood. The dragons and Vikings are dying out, so I clung to the only constant that I'd ever known, Legolas.

Well, it was slightly better the first time, stupid computer. Tithen niphredil nin basically means, "my little snowdrop". I guess I'll explain my terms from chapter nine, Finn to my Jake: Best friend, Frodo to my Sam: I look to you for guidance when I don't know what to do and would always help you, Aragorn to my Legolas: the person I trust the most who adds more awesome to my totally awesome, Harry to my Ron: I would follow you anywhere, Magneto to my Professor X: we may fight but we'll always be there for each other, Hiccup to my Toothless: we're the best team, whenever one of us needs help, the other is there, and we've always got each others back. Thanks for being my inspiration big brother, Felan out!

End
file.